



THE
Golden Garland

OF

Princely Delight,

Wherein is contained
the History of many of the
Kings, Queens, Princes,
Lords, Ladies, Knights, and
Gentlewomen of this King-
dom.

Being most pleasant Songs and Sonnets, to
sundry New Tunes much in request.

In Two Parts.

The Thirteenth Edition, with Additions,
Corrected and Amended.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Giltspur-
street, without Newgate, 1690.



TABLE OF THE SONGS.

The First Part.

1. **K** King Lear and his three Daughters.
2. Queen Katherine and Owen Tudor.
3. Richard Cordellion's Life and Death.
4. The Order of the Knights of the Garter.
5. The Story of the Lord Dudley & the Lady Jane.
6. Queen Elizabeth's Courage against the Spaniards in Eighty Eight.
7. How two English Princes became Shepherds on Salisbury Plain.
8. The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

The Table, &c.

9. Of Charles Brandon, who married Henry the Eighth's Sister.
10. Of Richard the Third.
11. Of the Lady Cremo and Capt. Jenkinson.
12. King Edward's wooing.
13. Two Princes murdered in the Tower.
14. A pennyworth of Wit.
15. Titus Andronicus's Complaint.

The Second part.

1. What care I how fair she be.
2. Sleep wayward thoughts.
3. Farewell dear Love.
4. The Weavers Shuttle.
5. Of Marriage.
6. Come sweet Love.
7. You pretty Birds.
8. The Maidens Complaint.
9. The Inconstancy of the World.
10. Since first I saw thy face.
11. Ding dong.
12. Yet I love her till I dye.
13. The Shepherd's Dialogue of love between
Willie and Cuddy.
14. A Dialogue between Susan and Jemmy.
15. Death's final Conquest.

The

The Golden Garland, &c.

A Lamentable Song of the Death of King
Leir, and his Three Daughters.

To the Tune of When Iying Same.

King Leir once ruled in this Land,
with Princely Power and Peace,
And had all things with hearts content,
that might his joys increase:
Amongst those things that Nature gave,
three Daughters fair had he,
So Princely seeming beautifull,
as fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the King,
a question thus to make,
Which of his Daughters to his Court,
could shew the dearest Love:
For to my age you bring content,
quoth he then let me hear
Which of you three in plightes true,
the kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began,
dear Father mind quoth she,

Before

The Golden Garland.

Before your face to do you good,
my blood shall rendered be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
shall here be cut in twain,
For that I to your reverend age
the smallest grief sustain.

And so will I the second said,
dear Father, Father for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake;
And serve your Highness night and day,
with diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
discomforts may remove.

In doing so you glad my Soul,
the aged King reply'd;
But what saist thou my youngest Girl,
how is thy Love ally'd?
My Love (quoth young Cordelia then)
which to your Grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a Child,
and that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more quoth he,
than doth thy Duty bind?
I well perceive thy Love is small,
when as no more I find;

Hence

Of Princely Delight.

Henceforth I banish thee my Court;
thou art no Child of mine:
Nor any part of this my Realm,
by favour shall be thine.

Thy elder Sister loves are more,
then well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
my Kingdome and my Land:
My pompal state and all my goods,
that lovingly I may
With those thy Sisters be maintain'd,
untill my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
by these two Sisters here;
The third had causeless Banishment,
yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently,
went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpitied, gentle Maid,
through many an English Town.

Untill at last in famous France,
the gentler Fortune found,
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd,
the fairest on the ground,
Where when the King her Vertues heare,
and this fair Lady seen,

The Golden Garland
With full content of all his Court,
he made his Wife and Queen.

Her Father, and King Leir this while,
with his two Daughters staid,
Forgetfull of their promisd Loves,
full so in the same denay'd,
And living in Queen Ragan's Court,
the eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
and most of all his Train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
to wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
and after scarce to three:
Pay one she thought too much for him,
so took she all away,
In hope that in her Court good King,
he would no longer stay.

But I rewarded thus, quoth he,
in giving all I have
Unto my Children, and to beg
for what I lately gave
I'll go unto my Cononell,
my second Child I know
Will be more kind and pitifull,
and will reliebe my Woe.

Of Princely Delight.

Full fast he hies then to her Court,
where when she heard his moan,
Return'd him answer, That she grieved,
that all his means was gone:
But no way could reliefe his Wants,
yet if that he wou'd stay
Within her Kitchen, he should have
what Scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter Tears,
he made his answer then,
In what I did let me be made
example to all men:
I will return again, quoth he,
unto my Ragan's Court,
She will not use me thus I hope,
but in a kinder sort.

Where when he came she gave command
to drive him thence away:
When he was well within her Court,
(she said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell,
th' woefull King did hie,
That in her Kitchen he might have,
what Scullion-boys let by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
which she had promis'd late,

The Golden Garland

For once refusing, he should not
come after to her Gate.

Thus 'twixt his Daughters for relief,
he wand'ring up and down,
Being glad to feed on Beggars food,
that lately wore a Crown.

And calling to remembrance then
his youngest Daughters words,
That said the Duty of a Child
was all that Love affords;
But doubting to repair to her,
whom he had banish'd so,
Grew franticke mad, for in his mind,
he bore the Wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white Locks,
and Tresses from his head,
And all with Bloud bestain his Cheeks,
with age and honour spread:
To Hills and Woods, and watry founts;
he made his hourly moan,
Till Hills and Woods and fenceless things,
did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontent,
he pass'd o'er to France,
In hope from fair Cordelia there,
to find some gentler chance:

Of Princely Delight.

Most vertuous Danie, which when she heard,
of this her Father's grief,
his duty bound, she quickly sent
him comfort and relief.

And by a Train of noble Pers,
in brave and gallant sort,
she gave in charge he should be brought
to Aganippus Court,
Whose Royal King, whose noble mind,
so freely gave consent,
To muster up his Knights at Arms,
to fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
to repossesse King Leir,
And drive his Daughters from their thrones,
by his Cordelia dear :
Where the true-hearted noble Queen,
was in the Battel slain,
yet he, good King, in his old days,
possess his Croton again.

But when he heard Cordelia's Death,
who died indeed for Love
Of her dear Father, in whose Cause
he did this Battel move :
The sounding, fell upon her Breast,
from whence he never parted,

But

The Golden Garland

But on her bosome left his life,
that was so truly hearsed.

The Lords and Nobles when they saw
the end of these events,
The other Sickers unto death,
they downed by consents:
And being dead, their Crowns they left,
unto the next of Kin;
Thus have you seen the Fall of Pryde,
and disobedient Sin.

F I N I S.

A New Song of the wooing of Queen Katherine
by a young Gentleman of Wales named Ow
en Tudor, lately translated out of Welch into
our English Phrase.

To the Tune of Light in Love Ladies.

Owen Tudor.

I Salute thee sweet Princess with Title of grace,
For Cupid commands me in heart to embrace
Thy honours, thy vertues, thy favour, and beauty,
Which all my true service, my love and my duty,
Queen Katherine.

Courteous kind Gentleman let me request,
How comes it that Cupid hath wounded thy breast
And chafn'd thy hearts liking my servant to probe
That am but a stranger in this thy kind love?

Of Princely Delight.

Tudor.

I but a stranger yet love hath such power,
To lead me here kindly into the Queens Bower :
Then do not, Sweet Princess, my good will forsake,
When nature commands thee a true love to take.

Queen.

So Royal of calling, and birth I am known,
That matching unequal my State's overthrow :
By Titles of Dignity thereby I lose,
To wed me, and bed me my equal I'll choose.

Tudor.

So honours are lost (Queen) in choosing of me,
For I am a Gentleman born by degree,
And favours of Princes my State may advance,
In making me noble and fortunate chance.

Queen.

By robes of rich honours most brave to behold,
All o'er embossed with silver and gold,
Not therewith adorned I lose my renown,
With all the brave Titles that waits on a Crown.

Tudor.

My Country, Sweet Princess, more pleasure affords
Than can be expressed by me here in words :
With kindly contentment by Nature there springs
That hath been well liked of Queens and of Kings.

Queen.

My courtly Attendants are stains of delight,
The Stars of fair Heaven all shining most bright :

And

The Golden Gailand.

And those that liue daily such pleasures to see,
Supposing no such comfort in Country can be.

Tudor.

In Wales we haue Fountains no Chrystal more clea
Where murmuring musick we daily may hear,
With Gardens of pleasure and flowers so sweet,
Where true love with true love may merrily mee

Queen.

But there Tilting nor Turnaments bold,
Which gallant young Ladies desire to behold,
No Masks, nor no Rebels where labours are wrought
By Knights or by Barons without any scorn.

Tudor.

Our May-poles at Whitsonide maketh good sport
And moves as sweet pleasures as yours do in Court
Where on the greene dancing for Garland and King
Maidens make pastime and sports for a King.

Queen.

But when your haue young men & maidens do mee
Your Musick is clownish and foundery not sweet
Whilst Silver like melody murmuring keeps,
And locks up your senses in heavenly sleeps.

Tudor.

Our Harps & our Tabors, & sweet humming Drone
For thee, my sweet Princeles, make musical moans
Our Morris Maid-marrions desire for to see
A true love knot tyed between thee and me.

Of Princely Delight.

Queen.

no pleasure in Country by me can be seen,
that have been maintain'd so long here a Queen,
and fed on the blessings that daily were giben
to my brave Pallace, by Angels from Heaven.

Tudor.

our green leaved trees will dance with the wind,
where Birds sit rejoycing according to kind:
our sheep with our lambs will skip and rebound
to see thee come tripping along on the ground.

Queen.

that if a kind Prince's thou'd so be content,
meekness thus moved to give her consent,
to humble her honours, imbase her degree,
to give her best Fortunes, brave Tudor, to thee.

Tudor.

to a Kingdom I born were by Birth,
I had at commandment all Nations on earth,
yet Crowns & their Scepters should lye at thy feet
if thou be my Empress, my Darling so sweet.

Queen.

ear not to fancy thy lobe-tempting Tongue,
Cupid is cunning, his Bow very strong,
when Venus once Mistress of heart-wishing plea-
sure, over-kind Women repent us at leisure. (Sweet

Tudor.

(Beams

never saw Morning shew forth his light
to cover my falsehood with greatest extremes,

The Golden Garland

If not as the Turtle I lye with my Dove,
My gentle kind Princess, my Lady, my Love,
Queen.

We then into Wales, and our Wedding provide
For thou art my Bridegroom, and I'll be thy Bride
Get Globes; & fine Ribbons, with Bride-laces fast
Of silk and of silver for Ladies to wear.

Tudor.

With Garlands of Roses our housewisely Wife
To have them adorned, most lovingly strifes;
Their Bride-takes be ready, our Bag-pipes do play
Whilst I stand attending to lead thee the way.

Both together.

Then mark how the notes of our merry Town-pe
Our Ding-dong of Pleasures most cheerfully tell
Then ding dong fair Ladies and Lovers all true
This ding dong of pleasure may satisfie you.

FINIS.

A Princely Song of King Richard Cordellor
King of England, of his bold courage, and
mentable Death.

28 MR 59

To the Tune of You Batchelors that have is

On a noble Christian Warrior,
King Richard of this Land,
For fame amongst our Worthies have,
now woerly may stand:

of Princely Delights.

The God of Battels gave him still
a gallant great command,
To fight for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Richard Cordelion in this Land,
a noble English Name,
It fills the World with Wonders great,
with honour and with fame;
Then gallantly good Souldiers all,
come thunder out the same,
That fights, &c.

When as fair Jerusalem,
the City of our Lord,
lay mourning all in heaviness,
consumed by the Sword,
To succour her all Christendome,
did willingly accord:
And to fight, &c.

Thus marched forth most brave and bold
King Richard from the Land,
Of noble Knights and Gentlemen,
with him a warlike Band,
To fight for Jesus Christ his Name,
so long as he could stand:
All Souldiers of our Saviour, &c.

But by the way such Chances then
King Richard did betide,

P. B. 44.

That

The Golden Garland

That many of his Souldiers
for want of Victual dy'd:
A new supply this noble King
was forced to provide,
To fight for, &c.

The mighty Duke of Austria
to whom he came for aid,
For all his Kingly courtesies,
his succours were renay'd,
But took him Prisoner cowardly,
And not fight for, &c.

His noble Knights and Souldiers then,
with Sorrow went away,
Mofully complaining all,
that e'er they saw that day:
That such a noble King as he,
a Prisoner should stay there,
And fight not for our Saviour Jesus, &c.

When they were here providing,
a Ransome for his Grace,
The Duke's own Son unreverently,
King Richard did abase:
For which with one small box o'th' ear,
he kill'd him in that place,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

of Princely Delights.

With that into a Dungeon deep,
this noble King was cast :
Which as a Lyon (all in rage)
provoked was in haste,
To combat with this famous King,
So long as life did last,
The Souldier of our Saviour Jesus, &c.

But gentle pity moved much
the Daughter of that Duke;
Who deeply wounded was with Love,
proceeding from his look ;
For which to save his princely Life,
she kindly undertook,
In honour of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

A rich embroidered Scarf of Silk,
she secretly convey'd
Into the Dungeon where the King,
for Execution staid ;
The which to save his gentle life,
an Instrument was made,
In honour of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

For when the hunger-starved Beast
into the Dungeon came,
With open mouth to swallow him,
he nimbly took the same,
And stoutly thrust it down his throat,
the Lyon thus to tame ;

The Golden Garland

In honour of our Saviour Iesus Christ.

And so with valliant courage he
pull'd out the Lion's heart,

Which made the Duke and all his Loyds,
in fearfull manner start,

To see this Royal English King
to play so brade a part,

In honour of our Saviour Iesus Christ.

I am no Prisoner said the King,
for I am now set free,

The Country, and our Law of Arms,
commands it so to be :

And thus to England's blessed Land,
most joyfully went he,

In honour of our Saviour Iesus Christ.

But lest his dearest Love behind,
that gently sav'd his Life,

With promise to return again,
to make her then his Wife ;

But still Revenge and bloody War,
did breed then further strife,

In fighting for our Saviour Iesus Christ.

The noble hearts of English-men,
that could endure no wrong,

of Princely Delights

For good King Richard mustered then,
a ballant Army strong,
To pass the Seas of Acon Walls,
to lay the same along.

So first consuming fire and sword,
into that Countrey came;
Destroying all the Cities brabe,
and Towns of ancient Fame;
Till thole the Alzongs King Richard had,
where righted by the same,
In honour of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

But in his prime of Marrial worth,
this noble King was slain;
For wounded with a pois'ned Shaft,
this pierc'd his Princely brain;
Much sorrowing moan was long time made,
amongst his warlike Train,
Still fighting for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

But chiesly by his Lady fair,
so Loyal and so kind,
That nothing but Redenge thereof
possessed still her mind;
To know the causer of his death,
were rich Rewards assign'd,
To the honour of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Golden Garland

Upon the Murtherer being found,
much Cruelty was shewn,
By her command his skin allbe
was fled from flesh and bone ;
And after into atery Soules,
his body it was thron,
In honour of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Yet ended not this Lady's grief,
for him she lov'd so dear,
Deep sorrows eben broke her heart,
as plainly did appear :
And both were buried in one Grave,
thus true Love's end you hear,
That died for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Did eber Lady for her Love,
more strangely undertake ?
Did eber Daughter in this kind,
a grieved father make ?
Did eber Princels end her life
thus for her true Love's sake ?
And all for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

28 MR 59

FINIS.

of Princely Delight.

A gallant Song of the Garter of England, and
how it was made first an Honour to this King-
dom by King Edward the Third.

To the Tune of, When Arthur first, &c.

When as third Edward rul'd this Land,
and was our English King,
he had good speed in all his Fights,
brave Conquest home to bring :
Two Kingly Crowns upon his Sword
in sumptuous sort was born,
Most gallantly to grace the third,
that on his head was worn.

Thus three in one made England's Fame,
through all the World to shine,
Which well might claim a titled grace,
among the Worthies Pine.
Seven Princely Songs he likewise had,
whose Vertues soon him praise ;
From one fair Queen descended all,
in Beauty's blooming days.

His Earls and Barons bravely bent,
to practice Knightly Deeds,
To break the Lance, to run at Ring,
to back their bucked Steeds

The Golden Garland

Which made the World thinke Mars his Court
was kept in England here,
When England's Peers made foraign Lands,
to quake with trembling feare.

King Edward's Reign run echoing thus,
through every Christian Court,
Of whom the noblest Prince that liv'd
gave sounds of brave report:
Right vallant King himself likewise
his Countrey to advance,
With many of his Peers arriv'd.
within the Court of France:

And there by Tilts and Tourneys brave,
such Honours did obtain,
As Mars himself in glistering Reel,
the Prize from them would gain:
So brave and bold his Barons were
and so successful then,
That none of all the Lords of France,
were like our English-men.

Thus many months he with his Peers,
spent there with brave delights
Whose dally sports concluded were
by Rebell'ing at nights;
Where Measures and Colanto's fine,
so grac'd the Court of France,

As

of Princely Delights.

As if Queen Juno and her Jove,
had byabely led the dance.

Amongst which glorious Troop of Dames,
that richly late to see,
The French Queen there above the rest,
the fairest seem'd to be;
Whom English Edward by the hand,
in courteous manner took
to dance withall, at which the French
gave many a scornfull look.

But Edward still, like Mars himself,
with countenance and grace,
by Courtship won great likeing there,
from all within that Place.
King Edward pleas'd the Princely Queen,
the Queen King Edward well;
But as they danc'd there from her leg,
by chance her Garter fell.

The which King Edward soon took up,
and it in kindnes wore,
for labour and for Courtesies
he to her Vertues bore:
But some there present gave forth words,
the Queen of purpose lost
her Garter there, for him to find,
whom she affected most.

As

But

The Golden Garland

But when she heard these ill Conceits
and Speeches that they made,
Honi soit qui mal Y penie ,
the noble Princeess said,
All hap to them that Evil think,
In English it is thus :
Which words, so wise, quoth England's King
shall surely go with us.

And for her sake shall England's Peers,
the honour of our Land,
A Garter wear, and in the same
these words in Gold shall stand,
That all the World may nobly speak
our Garter came from France,
In Princely manner named thus,
our Country to advance.

The Tilts and Rebells thus had end,
that long had lasted there,
And home our King and Nobles came,
with mirth and merry cheer :
Where soon he bravely did create
full many a Lordly Knight ,
To wear this Golden Garter fair,
so sumptuous and so bright.

And named them St. George's Knights,
and of this Garter brave,

of Princely Delight.

Is noble an Order of Estate :
as any King can have ;
Which Knights upon St. George's day
still their Procession go,
Through England's Court in Robes of gold,
a most delightfull show.

At Windsor is this Order kept,
where Kings be of the same,
and forraign Princes much desire
the Honours of that Name.
Third Edward first began his grace
of Knighthood to his prasse,
Which still is kept with high Reuon,
in our King Charles his days.

Ten English Kings have been therefore,
of Princes and of Peers ;
number great, whose Honours li'd
most brave in ancient years :
and at this day of Dukes and Lords,
our Land hath honour'd Rose,
whose Names and Fames the Lord increase,
and make them more and more.

FINIS.

28 MR 59

The Golden Garland

A Lamentable Ditty on the Death of Lord
Guilford Dudley and the Lady Jane Grey,
that for their Parents Ambition, in seeking
to make these two young Princes, King and
Queen of England, were both beheaded in the
Tower of London.

To the Tune of, Peter and Pernell.

When as King Edward left this life,
in young and blooming years,
Began such deadly hate and strife,
that filled England full of tears;
Ambition in those ancient days,
More than ten thousand, thousand, thousand
troubles did arise.

Northumberland being made a Duke,
ambitiously did seek the Crown,
And Suffolk for the same did look,
to put Queen Mary's Title down;
That was King Henry's Daughter bright,
And Queen of England, England, England,
and King Edward's Heir by right.

Lord Guilford and the Lady Jane
were wedded by their Parents Wills;
The Right from Mary so was ta'en,
which drew them on to farther ill:

of Princely Delight.

But mark the end of this misdeed,
Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
and they to Death decreed.

And being thus adjudg'd to die,
For these their Parents haughty aims,
That thinking thus to mount on high
their Children King and Queen proclaiming?
But in such aims no Blessings be,
When as ten thousand, thousand, thousand,
their shamefull endings see.

Sweet Princes they deserv'd no blame,
that thus must die for Father's cause
And bearing of so great a name,
to contradict our English Laws.
Let all men then conclude in this,
That they are hapless, hapless, hapless;
whose Parents do amiss.

Now who more great than they of late?
now who more wretched than they are?
And who more lost in Estate,
thus suddenly consum'd with Care?
When Princes all set down this rest,
And say the golden, golden, golden
Mean is always best.

Prepar'd

The Golden Garland

Prepar'd, at last dyed on the day,
whereon the Princes both must dye,
Lord Guilford Dudley by the way,
his dearest Lady did espy,
Whilst he unto the Block did go,
She in her window weeping, weeping,
did lament her woe.

Their eyes that look'd for Love e'er while,
now blubber'd were with pearled teare,
And every Glance and Lovers smile,
were turn'd to dole and deadly rears:
Lord Guilford's life did bleeding lie,
Expecting Angels, Angels, Angels
silver Wings to mount on high.

His dearest Lady long did look,
when she unto the Block should go,
Where sweetly praying on her Book,
she made no sign of outward woe,
But wish'd that she had Angels wings,
To see that golden, golden, golden
sight of Heavenly things.

And mounting on the Scaffold then,
where Guilford's lifeless body lay,
I come, quoth she, thou flower of Men,
for death shall not my Soul dismay:

of Princely Delight.

The Gates of Heaben stand open wide,
To rest for ever, ever, ever,
and thus those Princes dy'd.

Their Parents likewise lost their heads,
for climbing thus one step too high
Ambitious Towers have slippery Leads,
and fearful to a Wise man's eye:
For one's amiss great houles fall,
Therefore take warning, warning, warning
by this, you Gallants all.

FINIS.

A joyfull Song of the deserved Praises of good
Queen Elizabeth, how princely she behaved
her self at Tilbury Camp, in Essex, in Eighty
eight, when the Spaniards threatned the In-
vasion of this Kingdom.

To the Tune of, King Henry's going to Bulloign.

O f a noble Princess,
England's late commanding Mistresse,
King Henry's daughter, fair Elizabeth,
she was such a Maiden Queen,
As her like was never seen,
of any Woman-kind upon th' earth,

Her

The Golden Garland

Her name in golden Numbers
May wyttten be with Wonders
that li'd belobed Four and forty years :
And had the giftes of Nature all
That to a Princels might befall ,
as by her noble Vertues well appears.

With Majesty admired,
Her Subjects she required,
that love for love might equally be shewn ;
Preferring more a publick peace,
Than any private man's increas,
that quietly we still may keep our own.

When Embassies did come,
From any Prince in Christendome,
her Entertainment was so Princely sweet :
She likewise knew what did belong
To every Language Speech, and Tongue,
where grace and vertue did together meet.

No Princels more could measure,
Her well bescreeming pleasure,
in open Court among her Ladies faire ;
For Musick, and for poety Gate,
The World afforded not her mate :
so excellens her Carriage was and faire.

of Princely Delights.

kingly States oppressed,
And such as were distressed,
With means and many daffs she reliev'd;
Her law of nations did her bind;
To strangers she was ever kind;
And such as with calamities were griev'd.

And when into this Kingdom,
Bloody Wars did threatening come,
Her highness would be ready with good will
As it in Eighty eight was seen:
When as this thrice renowned Queen,
Gave noble courage to her Souldiers still.

This more than worthy Woman,
Like to a noble Amazon,
In silver plated Armour bravely went
Unto her Camp at Tilbury,
With many Knights of Chivalry,
Couragiously her Army to content.

But being there arriv'd,
With noble heart she arriv'd,
To give them all what they desir'd to have:
A lovely Grace and countenance,
Smiling with perleberance,
To whom so sweet a Countenance she gave.

The Golden Garland

Upon the Drum head sitting,
As it was well besitting,
For such a Royal Princess thus to speak :
A Souldier I will live and dye,
Fear shall never make me flye,
nor any danger leave to undertake.

Which that amidst the Battel
The Musketiērs did rattle
a peal of Powder flaming all in fire ;
The Cannons they did loudly play,
To please her Majestie that day,
which she in heart did lovingly desire.

Her Highness thus delighted,
She royally requited
the noble Captains and the Soldiers all ;
For golden Angels flew amain,
Round about the warlike train,
each one rewarded was both great and small.

Which that in noble manner,
To England's fame and honour,
the thundering shot began to play again ;
And for this Royal Princess sake,
Rattling made the ground to shake,
in spite of all their Enemies of Spain.

of Princely Delights.

The more to be commended,
She graciously befriended
Full many a worthy Gentleman that day,
By Knighting them in noble sort,
As it had been in England's Court,
Such gallant Graces had the every way.

So freely, kind and loving,
She was by her approving,
To rich and poor that came unto her Grace;
Not any one but found her still
A friend to good, a foe to ill,
And ever Vertue sweetly would embrace.

But now in Heaven's high Pallace,
She liues in joy and Colace,
Committing all her charge unto the King;
Of whose admired Majesty,
Ruling us so quietly,
rejoycingly we Subjects all doe sing.

FINIS.

28 MR 59

62

A new

The Golden Garland

A new Song of the strange lives of two young
Princes in England, who became two Shep-
herds on Salisbury Plain, and after restored
to their former Estates.

To the Tune of the Merchant-man.

In Kingly Stephen's Reign,
two royal Dukes there was,
That all our other English Lords,
for greatness far did pass:
The one of Devonshire nam'd,
that had a Daughter fair,
Which he appointed at his death,
to be his only Heir.

And her in love committs,
unto the Cornwall Duke,
Whom he with tenderness and care,
most kindly undertook:
The promise being made,
The Duke of Devonshire dies,
And all that Cornwall bound to doe,
he afterwards denies.

Yet well he educates the Maid,
that Maudlin she was grown,

of Princely Delights.

the fairest Lady under Heauen,
for Beauty being known:
and many Princes sought for love,
but none might her obtain,
or covetous Cornwall to himself.
the Dukedome sought to gain.

upon a time Prince Raymond chanc'd
this comely Dame to see,
with whom he fell so deep in love,
as any Prince might be:
unhappy Youth, what should he doe?
he still was kept in mew,
or he, nor any of his friends,
admitted her to view.

one while he melancholly pines
himself with grief away,
non he thinks by force of Arms,
to win her if he may:
until at length commanding Love,
became to be his Judge,
and chang'd him soon from Lordly state,
into a Kitchen drudge.

and so access he had, good Prince,
his purpose to betray:
but still fair Maudlin's Answer was,
the husbandless would stay:

The Golden Garland

Hean while her Guardian beat his brains,
her Dukedome to at haue,
Not caring what become of her,
so he by her might thriue.

And so resolving that she should
unto some Peasant wed,
And Raymond then suppos'd a budge,
should stand him in that stead:
But Maundlin marking his intent,
unkindly takes that he
Should bar the noble Match from her,
thus for a base Degree.

The Lady stirring out of doors,
departed then by stealth,
Then thus with bachelers for to match,
that might have liv'd in wealth:
When Raymond heard of her escape,
with sad and grieved heart,
he left the Pallace of the Duke,
and after did depart.

Forgetfull of himself and Birth,
his Country, Friends, and all,
And minding only her to seek,
that thus had rob'd his thrall:
No meant he after to frequent
the Court, or statey Towns,

But

of Princely Delights.

But lſt'd toſt pinch'g cares and grief,
amongſt the Countrey grounds.

A hpace of years upon that plain,
near Salisbury that lies,
In great content with feeding ſtocks,
a Shepherd's life he tries:
In hopes his love thereby to waſte,
but then began again,
Within his heart, a ſecond love,
the worſer of the twain.

A Country Wench, a Neat-herd's Maid,
where Raymond kept his Sheep,
Did ſee her drove, with whom this Prince
in Love was wounded deepe:
Where ſitting on the downy Plain,
and having ſmall to doe,
Theſe Shepherds there in friendly ſort,
thus plainly gan to wooe.

I know, fair Maid, quoth Raymond then,
and thou as well as I,
No Maid there is that willingly
with Maiden-head would die:
The Ploughman's labour hath no end,
and he will thurliſh prove,
The Tradesman hath more work in hand
than doth belong to Love.

The Golden Garland

The Merchant venturing abroad,
suspects his wife at home,
A Youth will still the wanton play,
an Old man prove a mome :
Then choole a Shepherd (honny Girl)
whose life is merriest still,
For merrily he spends his days,
thus on the fair green hill.

And then at night when day is done,
goes home from thence betime,
And in the fire turns a crab,
and sings some merry Rhime ;
Nor lacks he Tales, while round about
the Nut-brown Bowl doth trot,
And sitting singing cares away,
till he to bed be got.

There sleeps he soundly all the night,
forgetting the morrow's cares,
Nor fears the blasting of his Corn,
nor uttering of his wares :
And this I know full well, fair Lads,
more quiet nights and days
The Shepherd sleeps and wakes, than he
whole Cattle he doth graze.

A King I see is but a man,
and so sweet Lads am I

of Princely Delights

Content is worth a Monarche,
and Mischiefs hope full high;
s late it did unto a Duke,
not dwelling far from hence,
who had a Daughter, save thy self,
on Earth the fairest Wench.

With that, good Soul, she stay'd and sigh'd,
Speak on, quoth she, and tell
how fair she was, and who she was,
that thus did bear the Bell.
He was, quoth he, of stately Grace,
of Countenance most fair,
a Maid alive for Beauty's prize,
may well with her compare.

Globe-like head, a golden hair,
a forehead smooth and high,
seemly Nose, on either side
did shine a greyish eye:
two rose cheeks, and ruddy lips,
white Ivory Teeth within,
mouth in mean, and underneath
a round and dimpled chin.

snow-white neck with blewish veins,
to make her seem more fair,
as, all her body fram'd so fine,
that Earth had none more rare,

The Golden Garland

For life, for love, for form, for fate,
none fairer was than she,
And none but only she alone
so fair a Maid could be.

I knew the Lady well (quoth she,)
but worthless of such praise:
But credit me, no Shepherd thou,
thy speeches thee betrays:
With that he wept, and she was woe,
and both did silence keep,
And equally perplex'd in love,
they late them down to weep.

Insooth (quoth he) I am not such
as seeming I profess,
To be a Prince's Son by birth,
my liking shewes no less:
In Scotland is my Father's Court,
and Raymond is my name:
With Cornwall's Duke I liv'd in Pomp,
till Love controll'd the same.

And did this Lady dearly love,
though she loved not me,
But now that Love is walled quite,
and now I dye for thee.
I grant (quoth she) you lov'd her well,
if that your love were such,

of Princely Delights.

think of me your second Love,
in Love to be as much.

our twice beloved Maudlin here
submits her self to thee,
and what she could not at the first,
the second time shall be:
a Fortune, not in Person chang'd;
for I am still the same,
a heart and mind as chaste and true
as first to me you came.

thus sweetly surfeiting in joy,
they tenderly embrace:
and for their wished wedding-day,
found fitting time and place:
and so these lovely Princes both
each other did befriend,
there after many a hard mishap,
their Loves had joyfull end.

FINIS.

Song of the deposing of King Richard the Second, and how (after many miseries) he was murthred in Pomfret Castle.

To the Tune of Regard my sorrows.

When Richard the Second in England was
and reigned with honor and state, King,
Sir

The Golden Garland

Six Uncles he had, his Grandfather's Song,
King Edward that ruled of late,
All Counsellors noble and sage,
yet would he not hear
their Precepts dear,
So willfull he was in this his young age.

A sort of brave Gallants he kept in his Court,
that train'd him to wanton delight,
Which Parasites pleased him better in mind,
than all his best Nobles and Knights:
Ambition and Avarice grew
so great in this Land, 28 MR. 59
that still from his hand,
A mass of rich Treasure his Parasites drew.

His Peers and his Barons dishonoured were,
and Upstarts thus mounted on high:
His Commons sore taxed, his Cities oppressed,
good Subjects were nothing set by,
And what to his Coffers did come,
he wantonly spent,
to please with content
His flattering Upstarts, all sporting at home.

When thus unto ruine this Kingdom began
to fall from the highest Estate,
The Nobles of England their Princess amiss,
by Parliament soon did rebate:

And

of Princely Delights.

and likewise those Flatterers all,
they banish'd the Court,
that made but a sport,
to see this so famous a Kingdom to fall.

But after these Gallants disgraced were thus,
King Richard himself was put down,
and Bollenbrook, Lancaster's noble born Duke,
by Policy purchas'd his Crown,
thus Civil Wars here begun,
that could have no end,
by foe nor by friend, (out-run.
All seven Kings Reigns with their lives were

But Richard the breeder of all these same broils,
in Prison was woefully cast,
where long he complain'd in sorrowfull sort,
of Kingly Authority past:
no Lords nor no Subjects had he,
no glory, no state,
that early and late
upon him attending had wont for to be.

His Robes were converted to garments so old,
that Beggars would hardly them wear,
his Diet no comfort at all to him brought,
for he led upon sorrow and care:

The Golden Garland

And from prison to prison was sent,
each day and each night,
to work him delpight,
That wearied with sorowes, he still might lamine

Good King thus abused, he was at the last
to Pomfret in Yorkshiro convey'd,
And there in a Dungeon full low in the ground
unpittied he night & was lay'd,
Not one for his misery grieved,
that late was in place
of royallest grace,
Where still the distressed he kindly relieved.

King Henry usurping then all his estate,
could never in heart be content,
Till some of his friends in secrecy sought
to kill him by cruel consent;
Who soon to Pomfret hied,
whereas the fear,
that touch'd him so near,
They finish'd so soon as King Richard there dyed

There dyed this good King, for murdered he was
that might well have lived full long,
Had not ill Counsell betray'd his best good,
and done his high fortunes this wrong :

of Princely Delights.

But blood for blood still calls,
no bloody stain'd hand,
can long in this Land
stand surely, but soon into misery falls.

Lancaster thus the Diadem gain'd,
and won his Title by blood,
which afterwards by Heavens high power,
not three Generations stood,
but yielded to York again:
thus Fortune shows
their proud Overthrowes,
that cunningly climbs an Imperiall Reign.

F I N I S.

Song of an English Knight, that married the
Royal Princess Lady Mary, Sister to King
Henry the Eighth, which Knight was after-
ward made Duke of Suffolk.
To the Tune of, Who list to lead a Soldier's life

By the Eighth Henry ruling in this Land,
he had a Sister fair,
that was the widowed Queen of France,
enrich'd with Hercules care;
and being come to England's Court,
he oft beheld a Knight,
Charles Brandon nam'd, in whose faire eyes,
he chiefly took delight.

And

The Golden Garland

And noting in her Princely mind,
his gallant Sweet behabour,
She dailie drew him by degrees,
still more and more in favour:
Which he perceiving, courteous Knight,
found sitting time and place,
And thus in amorous sort began,
his Love sute to her Grace.

28 MB 59

I am at love, faire Queen, said he,
Sweet let your love incline,
That by your grace Charles Brandon may
on Earth be made divine:
If wortheles I ought worthy he
to have so good a lot,
To please your Highness in true love,
my Fancy doubteth not.

O if that Gentry might conbey
so great a grace to me,
I can maintaine the same by Birth,
being come of good degree:
If wealth you think be all my want,
your Highness hath great store,
And my suppliment shall be love,
what can you wish for more?

It hath been known when hearty Love
did tie the true love Knot,

Thou

of Princely Delights.

Though now if Gold and Silver wane,
the Marriage proberth not:

The goodly Queen hereat did blush,
but made a dumb reply:

Which he imagin'd what she meant,
and kist her reverently.

Brandon (quoth she) I greater am,
than would I were for thee,
But can as little master Love,
as them of low degree:

My Father was a King and so
a King my Husband was,
My Brother is the like, and he
will say I do transgress.]

But let him say what pleaseth him,
his liking I'll forgoe;

And choose a Love to please my self,
though all the World says no:

If Plow-men makes their Marriages,
as best contents their mind,

Why should not Princes of Estate
the like contentment find?

But tell me Brandon, am I not
more forward than becoms?

Pet blame me not for Love, I love
where best my Fancy dreams.

D

And

The Golden Garland

And long may live (quoth he) to love,
nor longer live may I,
Than when I love your Royal Grace,
and then disgraced die.

But if I do deserve your Love,
my mind desires dispatch,
For many are the eyes in Court,
that on your Beauty watch:
But am not I sweet Lady now,
more fancy then behoves?
Yet for my heart forgive my tongue,
that speaks for him that loves.

The Queen and this brave Gentleman
together both did wed,
And after sought the King's good will,
and of their wishes sped:
For Brandon soon was made a Duke,
and graced so in Court
Then who but he did haunt it forth
amongst the noblest sort.

And so from Princely Brandon's Line,
and Mary's did proceed
The noble Race of Suffolk's House,
as after did succeed:
From whose high blood, the Lady Jane,
Lord Guilford Dudley's Wife,

Came

of Princely Delights.

Came by descent, who with her Lord,
in London lost her life.

F I N I S.

A Song of the life and death of King Richard the Third, who after many murders by him committed upon the Princes and Nobles of this Land, was slain at the Battell of Bosworth in Leicestershire, by Henry the Seventh King of England.

To the Tune of, Who list to lead a Soldier's life?

In England once there reign'd a King,
a Tyrant fierce and fell,
Who for to gain himself a Crown,
gave sure his soul to hell:
Third Richard was this Tyrant's name,
the worst of all the three,
That wrought such deeds of deadly dole,
that woefer could not be.

For his desires were still (by blood)
to be made England's King,
Which here to gain that golden prize,
did many a wondrous thing:
He slaughtered up our noble Peers,
and chiefest in this Land,

The Golden Garland

With every one that likely was 28 MR 59
his Title to withstand.

Four bloody fields the Tyrant fought,
Per he could bring to pals
What he made lawless claim unto,
as his best liking was :
Birth Henry's princely Son he slew,
before his Father's face,
And wedded from our English Throne,
all his renowned Race.

This King likewise in London's Tower,
he murdering made away,
His Brother Duke of Clarence life,
he also did betray.
With those right noble Princes twain,
King Edward's Children dear,
Because to England's Royal Crown.
he thought them both too near.

His own dear Wife also he slew,
Incestuously to wed.
His own dear Daughter, which for fear
away from him was fled :
And made such habock in this Land,
of all the Royall blood,
That only one was left undain,
to have his claims withstood.

of Princely Delights.

Earl Richmond he by Heaben prefer'd,
to right his Countreys wrong,
from France prepar'd full well to fight,
brought o'er an Army strong:
To whom Lord Stanly nobly came,
with many an English Peer,
And join'd their Forces all in one,
Earl Richmond's heart to cheer.

Which news when as the Tyrant heard,
how they were come on shore,
And how his Forces day by day,
increased more and more:
He frets, he fumes, and ragingly
a madding fury shows,
And thought it but in vain to stay,
and so to Battell goes.

Earl Richmond he in order brave,
his fearless Army laid,
In midst of whom, these noble words,
their valliant Leader said,
Now is the time and place, Sweet friends,
and we the Souldiers be,
That must bring England's peace again
or lose our lives must we.

Be vallant then, we fight for Fame,
and for our Countreys good,
D 3 Against

The Golden Garland

Against a Tyrant mark'd with shame,
For shedding English blood :
I am right Heir of Lancaster,
Intituled to the Crown,
Against this bloody Boze of York,
then let us win Renown.

Mean while had furious Richard set
his Army in array,
And with a ghastly look of fear,
he stoutly thus did say :
Shall Henry Richmond with his Troops
o'er-match us thus by might,
That comes with fearfull Towardice,
with us this day to fight ?

Shall Tudor from Plantaginet
win thus the Crown away ?
No, Richard's noble mind foretels,
that ours will be the day :
For golden Crowns we bravely fight,
and Gold shall be their gain,
In great abundance given to them,
that liues this day unslain.

These words being spoke, the Battels ioyn'd
where blows they bravely change,
And Richmond like a Lyon bold,
performed wonders strange,

And

of Princely Delights.

And made such slaughter through the Camp,
till he King Richard 'spies,
Who fighting long together there,
at last the Tyrant dies.

Thus ended England's wofull War,
usurping Richard dead,
King Henry fair Elizabeth
in princely sort did wed:
for he was then made England's King,
and she his Crowned Queen:
so 'twixt these Houses long at strife,
a Unity was seen.

FINIS.

lamentable Song of Lady Elinor, Daughter to
the Duke of Buckingham, who dyed for love
of one Captain Jenkinson, that had been a
'Prentice of London, who went to the Siege of
Jerusalem with Edward the first, then King
of England.

To the Tune of Rogero.

England liued once a Duke,
that had a Daughter brave,
to whom his Dukedome and Estate
he from all others gave:
and dying, left fair Elinor
to be his only Heir:

The Golden Garland

Whose mind upon a Captain's love,
was settled deep and dear.

This Captain, gallant Jenkinson,
by name was called so,
In Prison lay for want of means,
and money he did owe :
But Love so dear assailed her,
that she must love or dye,
And none but only he alive,
within her heart did lie.

28 M. 59

So watching fit convenient time,
she to the Prison went,
And underneath his window then,
full many a tear she spent :
But entering in, her eyes beheld
the Image of her heart,
To whom her love and liking soon,
she friendly did impart.

And having made her purpose known,
my dearest Friend (quoth she)
I have ta'n order for thy Debts,
and here I let thee free :
With all my land, my love, and life,
and whatsoe'er is mine,
Take all: and give me liberty,
that here have caused thine.

of Princely Delights,

No sooner was he got at large,
and Wealth reliev'd his woe,
But thence unto Jerusalem
did England's Edward go,
With whom this Captain Jenkinson,
was nobly entertain'd,
And so unkindly went from her,
as one whom he disdain'd.

Which when she heard, she tore her hair,
and cast her on the ground,
And being over-press'd with grief,
she fell into a sound:
But afterward recovering sense,
this Letter she did write,
And sent it after him to read,
as here I will recite.

FINIS.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

What Faults of mine have caused this,
my dearest friend tell me?
If I have been the cause thereof,
then mournfull may I be:
My Love thou know'st, dear Jenkinson,
full many a Lord hath sought,
Yet all have miss'd, save thee alone,
and thou sett'st me at naught.

The Golden Garland

If thy desires be so to Wars,
then Warre sweet Love with me,
For Cupid's gallant Souldiers all,
the sweetest Warriours be:
With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die,
with thee I'll lose or gain:
Return, sweet Love, for in thy life
consists the Lives of twain.

28 MR 59

Most wisely vallant are those men,
that back their armed Steds,
In Courtey Tilts in time of Peace,
to break their Staves like Rads;
Where none the dint of wounding Swords,
but some Device of Love,
They may their Manhoods courteously
before their Ladies probe.

Where Ladies d'off their Lovers helms,
and kiss what Bebers hid,
And parley under Canopies,
how well, or ill they did:
Retire therefore, retire Swaheart,
where if thou wilt be arm'd,
Come fight upon my Bosome here,
and so escape unharm'd.

But now methinks I see thy looks
quite changed in thy Face,

Methinks

of Princely Delights.

Hethinks the Comeliness and Gate
hath lost their wonted Grace :
Hethinks I see the manly Limbs
with Armoys burthen lame,
And warlike Weapons wounding deep
thy noble Bosome maine.

I see thee faint with Summers heat,
and drop with Winters cold,
I see thee not as late thou wast,
from young thou art grown old :
And Sorow greatly for to know,
what now I would not see,
Thy dearest Lady thus in vaine
to plead for Love to thee.

Thus when my griefs, my sighs and tears
shall come unto thy blew,
Then wilt thou find by these my pains,
my Love is dear and true :
But these my words thou carest not for,
I see thou art unkind,
Yet here to ease my dying heart,
in Letters take my mind.

Captain Jenkinson's Answer.

I have perceiv'd I know not what,
forsooth thy scrowl of Love :

In

The Golden Garland

In hope by these thy flattering lines,
my settled mind to move:

But I disdain to talk of Love,
much less in Love to be,
For martial Dumps and warlike Steeds,
much better please thy me.

The Bees that sweetest Honey bear,
have likewise smarting stings,
And thou no whit dost want a bait
that to Repentance brings:
Content thee therefore, Elinor,
thou temptest Love by Art,
Although it come unto mine eyes,
it shall not touch my heart.

When Sea shall flame, when Sun shall freeze,
and mortal men not die,
And Rivers overflow their Banks,
in Love will then be I:
When these shall be and I not be,
then may I chance to love,
And then the strangest change you'll see,
that I a Lover prove.

Let Beavers hide, not Kisses hurt,
my lips for lips unfit,
Let wounded Limbs, not Alken Lobes
on top of Honour sit:

of Princely Delights.

I scorn a Souldier that should stoop
to please a Lovers mind,
That fights for Fame in Fields of blood,
should alter thus from kind.

Yet some there be whose Maiden hairs
no sooner buds on chin,
But they to love our Ladies fair,
doe wantonly begin,
And wins them soon that would be won,
and being won, with speed
They gained have a crop of Corn,
that scarce is worth the seed.

These love in sport, but leave in spight
as I have found it true,
And being thus so easily won,
are changed for a new:
But kindness must have kindest use,
though kind be hardly one
Their kindness then I must refuse,
because I will have none.

And strange it were (a Souldier) I
should love this English Maid,
The Wonders seven should then be eight,
could Love me so perswade:
But Love or Hate, fare ill or well,
I thus conclude my mind,

The Golden Garland

My welcome, when I come to thee
will surely prove unkind.

This Answer brought to Elinor,
such inward sorrow bred,
That she in reading of these lines,
poor Lady, fell down dead :
Where her dear Love and gentle Life,
had both together end,
And as we may suppose in Death,
her Soul did live his Friend.

For she by Will did him bequeath
her substance and estate :
Thus Love being grounded in the Heart,
can never turn to hate :
Her Wealth, her Means, and all she had,
this Captain did possess,
Which brought unto his grieved Soul
much woe and wretchedness.

For coming from Jerusalem,
and entering on the same
To view what Wealth the Lady left,
he to her Chamber came,
Whereas the Lady's Picture hung,
with which he fell in Love.
And so the shadow brought the thing
the substance could not move.

her

of Princely Delights.

er courtesie, and his despight,
he callerh then to mind,
nd of her Beauty, being dead,
a sudden change did find:
emembryng then his low degree,
and reckoning her desert,
e could not think but that he bore
in Love too proud a heart.

ow Love (qd. he) though breathless the
doth such a flame contribe,
he which shall soon consume me quite,
for I do burn alive.
las! then did he pause in tears,
oh! take it from mine eye,
his picture hath procur'd my death,
and for the same must die.

n the that was the Owner lib'd
and dy'd a Lover true,
whose Ghost at parting could not choose
but say, Sweet Love adieu:
dieu indeed, kind gentle Dame,
for lack of Love that dy'd,
nd left of Liding in that I
her of my love deny'd.

us by her picture prick'd with Love,
he felt continual woe,

The Golden Garland

And bearing it still in his hand,
he to her Grave did go;
Where sitting on the same, he said,
He loves the Shadow now,
Whose heart unto the Substance late
would rather break than bow.

Oh! Gods I grant for this contempt,
I must endure your doom,
And sacrifice mine own false Heart,
upon my true Love's Tomb:
Whose only Beauty worthy was,
to match with any dowre,
Yet she in vain did beg my love,
full many a weary hour.

And having spoke these mournfull Words,
a Tragedy to make,
his Dagger from his side in hast,
he desperately did take,
And to his Heart he strook the same,
with all his manly force,
And so upon his true Love's Grave,
was made a lifeless Coarse.

28 MR 59

FINIS.

of Princely Delights.

Courtly new Song of the Princely Wooing of
the fair Maid of London, by King Edward.

To the Tune of, Bonny sweet Robin.

Fair Angel of England, thy beauty so bright,
Is all my hearts treasure, my joy and delight;
Then grant me, Sweet Lady, thy true Love to be,
That I may say, welcome good Fortune to me.

The Turtle so pure and chaste in her Love,
By gentle perswasions her fancy will move;
Then be not intreated, Sweet Lady, in vain,
For Nature requirerth what I would obtain.

What Phenix so famous that liueth alone,
Is bowd to Chastity, being but one?
But be not my darling so chaste in desire,
Lest thou like the Phenix doe pennance in fire.

But (alas!) gallant Lady, I pity thy state,
In being resolued to liue without mate,
For if of our Courtuing the pleasures you knew,
You would have a likeing the same to ensue.

Long time have I sued the same to obtain,
Yet I am requited with scornfull disdain,

The Golden Garland

But if you will grant your good favour to me,
You shall be advanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and Honours may often entice
The chasteſt that libeth, though never ſo nice;
What Woman ſo worthy but will be content
To live in the Pallace where Princes frequent?

Two Brides young & Princely to Church I have
Two Ladies moſt lovely have decked my Bed;
Yet hath thy Love taken more root in my heart,
Than all my contentments whereof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot Mens tears much abide
And Women leaſt angry when moſt they do chide:
Then yield to me kindly, and ſay that at length
Men doe want mercy, and poore Women ſtrength.

I grant that fair Ladies may poore men reſiſt,
But Princes will conquer and love who they liſt.
A King may command her to ſleep by his ſide,
Whole feature deſerveth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your Love, you ſhall purchaſe Renown
Your head ſhall be deck'd with England's fair Crown
The Garments moſt gallant with Gold ſhall be
If true Love for Treſure of ſheer may be bought.

of Princely Delights.

Great Ladies of Honour shall tend on thy Train;
Most richly attired with Scarlet in grain;
My Chamber most princely thy Person shall keep,
Where Virgins with Musick shall Rock thee asleep.

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,
Command them, Sweet Lady, thy mind to content;
For Kings gallant Courts where Princes do dwell
Afford such sweet pastime as Ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true Maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said;
And grant a King labour thy true Love to be,
That I may say welcome Sweet Virgin to me.

FINIS.

The fair Maid of London's Answer to King Edward's wanton Love.

To the same Tune:

O ! wanton King Edward, 'tis labour in vain
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attain;
When getting thou lovest, and having, dost wast it;
The which if thou purchase, is spoil'd if thou hast it.

But if thou obtain'st it, thou nothing hast won,
And losing nothing, yet quite art undone.

The Golden Garland

But If of that Jewel a King do describe me,
No King can restore, though a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My favour is banish'd, my Beauty is past:
The rosie-red Blushes that sat on my Cheeks,
To paleness are turned, with all men mistakes.

28 MR 59

I pass not what Princes for Love do protest,
The name of a Wilekin contenteth me best:
I have not deserved to sleep by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edward's Byde.

The name of a Princess I never did crave,
No such Type of Honor thy hand-maid will have
My breast shall not harbor so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond one of our sort
Had never frequented King Henry's brave Court.
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of so jealous a Queen.

All men have their freedom to shew their intent
They win not a Woman except she consent:
Who then can impute unto them any fault,
Who still goe upright, untill Woman do fault.

of Princely Delights.

'Tis counted a Kindness in men for to try,
And Vertue in women the same to deny;
For women unconstant can never be mov'd,
Until by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If Women and Nobility once do but sever,
Then farewell good name and credit for ever:
And Royal King Edward let me be exil'd,
E'er any Man know that my Body's deil'd.

No, no, my old Father's reverent Tears,
Too deep an Impression within my Soul bears:
Nor shall his bright Honor that blot by me have,
To bring his gray-hairs with grief to his Grave.

The Heavens forbid that when I shall die,
That any such sin upon my Soul lye;
If I have thus kept me from doing this sin,
My Heart shall not yield with a Prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weep on my Tomb,
Then for my Birth curse my dear Mother's Womb,
That brought forth a Blossom that stained the Tree
With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Leave me (most noble King) tempt not in vain,
My milk-white affections with lewdness to stain
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England will give me a sad Burial. FINIS.

The Golden Garland

The most cruel Murther of Edward the Fifth and
his Brother Duke of York in the Tower, by
their Uncle Richard Duke of Gloucester.

To the Tune of Fortune my Foe.

When God had sa'n away true Wisdom's King
Edward the 4th. whose fame shall alway ring:
Which reigned had full two and twenty years,
And ruled well amongst his noble Peers.

When as he dyed two Sons he left behind,
The Prince of Wales, & Duke of York most kind:
The Prince the eldest, but Eleven years old,
The Duke more young, as Chronicles have told.

The dead King's Brother Duke of Gloucester,
Was chosen for the Prince his Protector:
Who straightway plotted how to get the Crown,
And pull his Brother Edward's Children down,

Edward the Fifth, the Prince was call'd by name,
Who by Succession did that Title gain;
A prudent Prince, whose Wisdom did excell,
Which made his Uncle's heart with hatred swell.

Then did the Duke use all the means he might,
By damnd Devices, for to work their spight:
At length the Devil put it in his head,
How all his Plots should be accomplished.

With

of Princely Delights.

With sug'red Words which had a poison'd sting,
He did entice the Duke and the young King,
For safeties sake, to lodge them in the Tower,
A strong Defence, and London's chiefest flower.

His fair-spoke Speeches and bewitching Charms,
Who told them 'twould secure them from all harms:
Thus by fair Words, yet cruel Treachery,
He won their hearts within the Tower to lie,

Great Entertainment he these Princes gave,
And caus'd the Tower to be furnish'd made:
With sumptuous Cheer he feasted them that day:
Thus subtle Wolves with harmless Lambs doe play

With Musick Sweet he fill'd their Princely ears,
And to their face a smiling Countenance bears:
But his foul Heart with mischief was possess
And treacherous Thoughts were always in his
(breast,

Whenas bright Phoebus had possess the West,
And that the time was come for all to rest,
The Duke of Glo'ster the two Princes led
Into a sumptuous Chamber to their Bed.

When these sweet Children thus were laid in bed,
And to the Lord their hearty Prayers had led:
Sweet slumbering deep then closing up their eyes,
Each folded in the others arms then lyes.

The Golden Garland.

The bloody Uncle to these Children sweet,
Unto a Knight to break his mind thought meet,
One Sir James Tyrill, which did think it best,
For to agree unto his vile Request.

Sir James he said, my Resolution's this,
And for to do the same you must not miss:
This night see that the King be murdered,
With the young Duke, as they do lye in bed.

So when these Bianches I have hewed down,
There is none left to keep me from the Crown:
My Brother Duke of Clarence he was found,
In his Tower within a But of Hamley down'd:

It was my Plot that he should drowned be,
Cause none should claim the Crown but only me;
And when these Children thou hast murdered,
I'll wear that Diadem upon my head.

And know thou Tyrill when that I am King,
I'll raise thy state, and hon. ure to thee bring:
Then be resolv'd, but be not thou afraid,
My Lord, I'll do it, bloody Tyrill said.

He got two Villains for to ad this part,
Disguised Murderers, each a hell-bred heart,
The one Miles Forrest, which their Keeper was,
The other John Dighton, Keeper of his Horse.

At

of Princely Delights.

At midnight then when all things they were lull'd
These bloody Slaves into the Chamber rush'd,
And to the Bed full softly they did creep,
Where these sweet Princes lay full fast asleep.

Who presently did wrap them in the Cloaths,
And stopt their harmlesse breath with the pillows,
Yet did they strive and and struggle what they might
Untill the Slaves had killed both them quite.

When as the murderers saw that they were dead,
They took their bodies forth the fatal Bed,
And then they buried these same little ones,
At the stair feet, under a heap of stones.

But mark how God did scourge them for this deed
As in the Chronicles you there may read:
Blood deserves blood, for so the Lord hath said,
And at the length their blood was truly paid.

For when their Uncle he had reign'd two years,
He fell at variance then amongst his Peers:
In Leistershire, at Bosworth he was slain,
By Richmond's Earl, as he did rightly gain.

In pieces was he hewed by his foes,
Thus Richard Crockback ended life with woes:
They stripp'd him then, and dragg'd him up and down
And on stout Richmond's head they put the Crown.
The

The Golden Garland

The bloody Murtherer Sir James Tyrill
For Treason lost his head on Tower-hill;
And to Miles Forrest fell no worse a Lot,
Alive in peices he away did rot,

And John Dighton the other bloody Fiend,
No man could tell how he came to his end:
Thus God did pay these Murtherers for their hire,
And Hell-bred Pluto plagues them now with fire.

An excellent Song, entituled, A Penny-worth
of Wit.

To the Tune of Labandashot.

In antient years, as Books express,
Of old done Deeds, both more and less,
A Merchant young, of tender years,
(As by the sequell well appears,)
A worthy Wollman took to Wile,
right well brought up, and void of strife,
Could he with her have been content,
Great Blessings might the Lord have sent
But he a Harlot loved more,
Wherewith his friends were vexed sore.

In tract of time his chance it was,
In Merchant-wile the Seas to pass,
In Lands right strange was his intent,
With Merchandize he forward went,

of Princely Delights.

and at his parting thought it meet
his Concubine and Queen to greet :
And of her love did sweetly pray,
And labour for to part away :
With sighing semblance, then quoth she,
My dear will you depart from me ?

Then to his wedded Wife he went,
Saying, Dame what thing most excellent
You are desirous for to have,
Of any thing that heart can crave :
Give me your Honey to bestow :
then from her Purse she forth did draw
A fair coin'd Penny, verily ;
Wherewith she will'd him what to buy ;
Of other Toys small mind had she,
But Jesu bleſs your long Journey.

This said, she wept, then parted he,
Thinking great scorn of her penny,
But past the Seas and took the Shore,
And sped right well, what would we more ?
In many Wares he did abound,
of Merchandize both good and sound,
his Ships well fraught, he homeward sent,
so well had he his Substance spent :
and for his Concubine, alack,
he had bestowed many a knock.

Then

The Golden Garland

Then last, his Wife remembered he,
And with his Wares of merry gle,
Unto a Tavern forth they goe,
In jesting sort (the truth is so,)
he said he should be much unkind,
her Merchandize to leaue behind,
But said the substance was so small,
That it would buy nothing at all:
And thereat made a jesting sport,
To all that thither did resort.

Not far upon a Benth right nigh,
There was an old man sitting by,
Who said, Good Sir I can you shew
How you the penny shall bestow:

for if you have a wedded Wife,
I wish you haue her during life.
A Wife I haue inderd quoth he,
And a Leman false, and hight of ble,
Whom I doe trust and ever shall,
So constant in her Love withall.

The old Man answered at last,
So soon as you the Seas haue past,
Then put of all your fair array,
And to your Leman take your way,
saying, that you a Merchant great
did rob and wickedly inreat;

And

of Princely Delights

And for his goods thou hast him slain,
And art pursu'd therefore amain:
Now which of both do pity shew,
With her abide in weale and woe.

With that the penny forth he drew,
Which to the old man strait he threw
Saying, he would goe try the same:
So in short space he over came,
In cloaths rent, too vile to see,
So to his Leman's house went he,
And softly knocked at the doore:
But when she saw he was so poore,
In frowning lost she turn'd her back,
Perceiving him to be in lack.

He said, Sweet Leman, for Christ's sake
Upon me here some pity take,
Upon the Seas my Goods I lost,
My self in danger greatly tost,
A Merchant murdered and slain,
By means of me and of my train;
Therefore Sweet heart now pity me,
I need alack! I come to thee:
But she with words right fierce and fell,
Said Villain, Wretch, adieu, farewell.

Shall I give succour to thy dead?
The Devil grant thee ill to speed,

Abold

The Golden Garland

Whol, thou Rascal, hence apace,
Thou hast deserved to have no grace,
The home unto that Gib thy Wife,
Let her giue succour to thy life,
For by the Faith to God I owe,
I mean the Officer shall know,
Except from hence in haste thou pack:
He turn'd his face, and cry'd alack!

Then in that poor and simple Array,
Unto his Wife he took his way,
And told like Tail as he before
Had uttered to this wicked Whore:
and said, Sweet Wife without your aid
I fear I shall be soon betray'd.
My Spoule, quoth she, take you no grief
A hundred pounds for your relief,
I yet have here for thee in store,
When that is gone we will get more:

And for your Pardon, Sir, quoth she,
I will make means, as you shall see,
And all your Creditors will pray,
To take with you a longer day:
good Friends I have. take you no thought,
this thing to pass shall well be brought:
And as much goods as here before
They shall you giue, or rather more:

of Princely Delights.

With that he did his Wife embrace,
And told her true in every case,

Together then that night they lay,
And in the Morning passing gay
This Merchant did himself attire,
In costly lutes for his desire,

With servants two for his intent,
unto his Leman's house he went,
As by the way she did him 'tple,

She ran and met him by, and by,
And said, my Love, for very shame,

What moved you to work this Game?

Why came you basely to my Doo?

Why did you feign your self so poo?

With you do know you have my Love,
And all my Goods for your behoove?

She then with him did kiss and dally,
as she was wont with ancient folly:

My Leman dear, he said again,

To me it hath been told right plain,

You have another Friend in store,

Whom you do love at heart right sore.

Jewels the which I gave to you,

He hath in hold, I tell you true:

Up then she rose all in a braid,

And all those things before him laid:

The Golden Garland

He took them up, and call'd his men,
and said go get you home again
With this apparel, and this gear.
She said, what will you rob me here?
He took all things to hand that came,
And bear all home unto his Dame.

28 MR 59

And said, Behold my Loving Fair,
See here these Jewels and this Gear;
Look well thereon, and doe not spare,
Here is a pennyworth of Ware:
He told her likewise how and when,
He had this Counsell of a man:
She saw those Jewels did abound,
In value worth an hundred pound:
They both did thank God for his Grace,
And after liv'd in happy case.

F I N I S.

Titus Andronicus's Complaint.

To the Tune of Fortune.

You noble minds, & famous martiall Wights,
That in defence of native Countrey fight:
Give ear to me that Ten years fought for Rome,
Yet reap'd disgrace when I returned home.

In Rome I liv'd in Fame full threescore years,
By name beloved dear of all his Peers:

Full

of Princely Delights.

full Fife and twenty ballant Songs I had,
Whose forward Vertues made the Father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike Forces felt,
Against them still my Songs and I were sent:
Against the Goths full Ten years weary War
We spent, receiving many a bloody scar.

Just Two and twenty of my Songs were slain,
Before we did return to Rome again;
Of Fife and twenty songs I brought but three
Alive, the stately Towers of Rome to see.

When Wars were done I Conquest home did bring,
And did present my Prisoners to the King,
Queen of the Goths, her Songs, and eke a Moe,
Which did much murther, like was ne'er before.

The Emperoz did make this Queen his Wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly strife:
The Moe, with her two Songs, did grow so proud,
That none like them then was in Rome allow'd.

The Moe so pleas'd the new made Emperors eye,
That he consented with him secretly,
For to abuse her Husband's Marriage-bed,
And so in time a Blackamore she bred.

F

Then

The Golden Garland

Then the whole thoughtes to Murther were inclin'd
Consented with the Moor with bloody mind,
Against my self, my kin, and all my friends,
In cruel sort to bring them to their ends,

So when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both wor and grief began then to increase;
Amongst my Sons I had one Daughter bright,
Which loo'd and pleased best my aged sight,

My dear Lavinia was betroth'd as then,
To Caesar's Son, a young and Noble-man,
Who in a Hunting, by the Emperors Wife,
And her two Sons, bereaved was of life.

He being slain, was cast in cruel wise
Into a dismal Den from light of skies:
The cruel Moor did come that way as then,
With my two Sons, who fell into that Den.

The Moor then fetch'd the Emperour with speed,
For to steale them of that murtherous deed;
And when my Sons within the Den were found,
In wongfull Prison they were cast and bound.

But now behold! what wounded most my mind,
The Emperours two Sons, of Tygers kind,
My Daughter ravished, without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When

of Princely Delights.

When they had tasted of so sweet a Flower,
Fearing their sweet should shortly turn to lower,
They cut her Tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonour unto her befell.

Then both her hands they falsely cut off quite,
Whereby their Wickedness she could not write;
Nor with her Needle on her Sampler show
The bloody workers of her direfull Woe.

My Brother Marcus found her in a Wood,
Straining the grassy ground with purple blood,
That trickled from her stumps and handleless Arms,
No Tongue she had at all to tell her harms,

But when I saw her in that wofull case,
With tears of blood I wet my aged face;
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Than for my Two and twenty sons before.

When as I saw she could not write nor speak;
With grief my aged heart began to break;
We spread a heap of Sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloody Tyrants out we found.

For with a staff (without the help of hand)
She writ these Words upon the plat of Sand;
"The lustfull Sons of the proud Emperors;
"Are doers of this hatefull Wickedness.

The Golden Garland

I tore the milk-white hairs from off my head,
I curst the hour wherein I first was bred;
I wish'd my hand that fought for Countrey's Fame
In Cradle rock'd, had first been stricken lame.

The Moor delighting still in Villany,
Did say to set my Sons from Prison free,
I should unto the King my right hand give,
And then my two imprison'd Sons should live.

The Moor I caus'd to strike it off with speed,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my Sons would willingly impart,
And for their ransom send my bleeding heart.

But as my Life did linger thus in pain,
They sent to me my bloodless hand again;
And therewithal the heads of my two Sons,
Which fill'd my dying heart with fresher means.

Then past relief, I up and down did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my Arrows towards Heaben high,
And for revenge to hell did sometimes cry.

The Empress then thinking that I was mad,
Like Furies she and both her Sons were clad:
She nam'd revenge, and rape and murther they,
To undermine, and know what I would say.

I fed

of Princely Delights.

I fed their foolish vains a certain space,
Untill my Friends and I did find a place,
Where both her Songs unto a Post were bound,
Where full Revenge in cruel sort was found.

I cut their Throats, my Daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumps, wherein the blood then ran;
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for Pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their flesh I made two mighty Pyes,
And at a Banquet serb'd in stately wise,
Before the Emperess set this loathsome Meate,
So of her Sons own flesh she well did eat.

My self hereab'd my Daughter then of Life,
The Emperess then I slew with bloody Knife:
I stab'd the Emperour immediately,
And then my self: even so did Titus dye.

Then this Revenge against the Moor was found,
Alibe they set him half into the ground,
Whereas he stood until such time he starb'd,
And so God send all Murderers may be serb'd.

28 MR 59

The End of the First Part.

The Golden Garland

BRITISH



MUSEUM

THE

Second Part

OF THE

GOLDEN GARLAND.

The Shepherd's Resolution.

To the Tune of the Young-man's Opinion.

Shall I walling in Despair
Die, because a Womans fair?
Shall my Cheeks look pale with care,
Cause anothers rosie are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowry Heads in May,
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a Womans Goodness move
Me to persish for her love?
Or her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?

Be

of Princely Delights.

Be she with that goodness blest,
As may merit name of best,
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how fair she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fast,
I will never more despair :
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I wooe,
I will scorn and let her goe :
Yet if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

Shall a Woman cruelly wise,
Draw amazement from mine eyes
Wondering that from such a Creature
Wisdom thus should come by Nature,
And comprehend the best of things,
That from the Well of Wisdom springs ?

Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how wise she be.

Shall I cast Affection down,
Because I see a Woman brown ?
Shall Beauty's Changeling kill desire ?
Or loathing quench our Fancies fire ?
Be she brown, or black, or foul,
Or fronted like a broad-ey'd Owl,

The Golden Garland

Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how foul she be.

Shall my heart with sorrow burst,
Because I see a Woman curst?
Or shall I grieve when I behold
The Picture of a pure Scold?
Be her Tongue so truly evill,
That well might tire the very Devil,
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how curst she be.

Shall a Woman's tempting Smile
Accuse her for a Crocodile?
Or shall I trust a Wantons eyes
That most dissimbles when she cries?
Be Women made of evill wholly,
To draw us men to wanton folly?
Yet if they be not such to me,
What care I how ill they be.

28 MR 59

Shall Womens all affecting Features,
Make me judge them Angel Creatures?
Shall I think them come from Heaven
To be an earthly Blessing given?
Be good, or Bad, or what you please,
The less we need them, most at ease:
Be what they will, if not for me,
I care not then what Women be.

FINIS.

The

of Princely Delights.

The Shepherd's Pipe.

Sleep waitward Thoughts, & rest you with my Love
Let not my Love be with my love diseas'd,
Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings long displeas'd,
Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake,
So sleeps my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.

My Love doth range, and yet my Love doth rest,
Fear in my Love, and yet my Love secure,
Peace in my Love, and yet my Love oppress,
Impatient yet of perfect temperature:
Sleep dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake,
So sleeps my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.
FINIS.

Coridon's Farewell to Phillis.

Farewell dear Love, since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes doe shew my Life is almost done,
nay I will never die, so long as I can spee,
there be many mo, though that she doe goe.
There be many mo I feare not,
Why then let her goe I care not.
Farewell, farewell, since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you,

but

The Golden Garland

but I will seek else-where, if I may find love there
shall I bid her goe, : what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not,
No, no, no, no, no, I dare not,
Ten thousand times farewell, yet stay a while,
Sweet, kiss me once, sweet kisses time beguile:
I have no power to move, how now am I in Love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? go then all is one:
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh hie thee,
Say stay, and do no more deny me:
Once more adieu, I see loath to depart,
Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart:
but seeing I must lose the love which I did choose,
goe thy way for me, since that may not be,
Goe thy ways for me, but whether?
Goe, Oh but where I may come thither.
What shall I doe? my Love is now departed,
She is as fair as she is cruel hearted: (red
she would not be intreated with prayers oft repea-
if she come no more, shall I die therefore?
If she come no more what care I;
Faith let her goe, or come, or tarry.

28 MR 59

FINIS.

The

of Princely Delights.

The Weaver's Shuttle, or a Love-Song made by a
Prentice of London, that loved a young Gen-
tlewoman in the Countrey, who was in doubt of
her Constancy.

To the Tune of, To ride to Runford.

Oh! how I sigh and sob,
Oh! how I languish,
Oh! how my heart doth throb
with grief and anguish:
My Song I cannot tune,
for love I doe consume,
I cannot work in Loom,
hang up my Shuttle,

My Treadles all stand still,
I cannot use them:
My Shuttle and my Duffl,
I will refuse them:
My Batten and my Stay,
And all my Lees play,
Hey ho, till Holy-day,
hang up my Shuttle.

Yet though they doe stand still,
I must be doing:
To my Love in good will,
I must a wooing:

I can.

The Golden Garland

I cannot merry be,
But in her Company,
Sweetheart I come to thee,
and leave my Shuttle.

And when I visit thee
And have my wishes,
And entertained be
with dainty kisses;
Oh! how my heart doth grieve,
So soon my Love to leave,
And go again to weave,
and use my Shuttle.

Yet Shuttle flye apace,
till thou art weary:
For I must weave my lace,
sing and be merry,
Till the next Holy-day,
Then thou and I will play,
hey ho, cast care away,
hang up my Shuttle.

Gentlemen Weavers all
that hear my Ditty,
Pardon my Verses small,
rude and untwitty:
If they do you offend,
The next I make I'll mend,

And

of Princely Delights.

And so my Song doth end :
reach me my Shuttle.

FINIS.

Of the Inconvenience by Marriage.
To the Tune of, When Troy Town.

And wanton Youth makes Youth a God,
Which after proberly Age's Rod,
Their Youth, their Time, their Wit and Art,
They spend in seeking of their smart :
and which of Follies is the chief,
they wooc their woe, and wed their grief.

And find it so that wedded are,
Love's sweet they find enfolded care,
his pleasure's pleasing't in the eye,
Which tasted once, with loathing die :
they find of Follies 'tis the chief,
their woe to wooc, to wed their grief.

For their own content they chose,
notwith their Kindred's Love they lose :
and if their Kindred they content,
or eber after they repent :
Oh ! 'tis of all our Follies chief,
our woe to wooc, to wed our grief.

In Bed what Strifes are hzed by day,
our puling Wives do open lay

None

The Golden Garland
None Friends, none Foes we must esteem,
But when they lo vouche safe to deem :
O'tis of all our Follies chief,
our woe to woove, to wed our grief.

Foul Wives are jealous, fair Wives fall,
Marriage to either binds us thrall,
Wherefore being bound we must obey,
And forced be perforce to say,
of all our Follies 'tis the chief,
our woe to woove, to wed our grief.

28 MR 59 F I N I S.

The Shepherd's Joy.
To the Tune of Barra Faustus's Dream.

Come Sweet Love, let sorrow cease,
banish scowls, leave off dissention ;
Love-Wars make the sweetest peace,
hearts uniting by contention :
Sun-shine follows after rain,
Sorrow ceasing, this is pleasing,
All probes fair again :
after sorrow soon comes joy,
Try me, probe me, trust me, love me,
this will cure annoy.

Winter hides his frosty face,
blushing now to be more blewed :

Spring

of Princely Delights.

Spring return'd with pleasant grace,
Flora's Treasures are renewed:
Lambs rejoyce to see the Spring,
Skipping, leaping, sporting, playing;
Birds for joy do sing,
To let the Spring of joy renew.
Laughing, colling, kissing, playing,
and gibe Love his due.

See those bright Sons of thine eyes,
clouded now with black disdain,
Shall such stormy tempests,
to let Love's fair days a raining?
All are glad the skies being clear,
Lightly, joying, sporting, toying
With their lovely chear;
but as sad to see a showre,
Sadly drooping, lowering, powering,
turning sweet to sorrow.

Sweet Love then disperse this Cloud,
that obscures this scornfull-joying,
When all Creatures sing aloud,
filling hearts with overjoying:
As every Bird do's choose her mate,
gently billing, she is willing
her true Love to take:
with such Words let us contend,

Willing

The Golden Garland
Wiving, doing, wedding, bedding,
and so our strife shall end.

28 MR 59 F I N I S.

A pleasant Song, intituled, You pretty wanton
warble.

You pretty Birds that sit and sing
amidst the shady Valleys,
And see how sweetly Phillis walks,
within her guarded Alleys:
Go pretty Birds unto her Tower,
sing pretty Birds she may not lower
For fear my fairest Phillis frown,
you pretty Wantons warble,

Go tell her through your chirping Bills
as you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my Love,
which from the World is hidden:
Go pretty Birds and tell her so,
see that your Notes fall not too low,
For fear, &c.

Go tune your Voices Harmony,
and sing I am her Lover;
Strain low and high, that every Note
with Sweet content may move her:

Tell

of Princely Delight.

Tell her it is her Lover true,
that sendeth Love by you and you;
Ay me! methinks I see her frown,
you pretty wantons warble.

Fly pretty Birds and in your Bills,
bear me a loving Letter,
Unto my fairest Phillis, and
with your sweet Musick greet her,
Go pretty Birds, unto her bid,
hast pretty Birds unto her say:
Ay me, &c.

And if you find her sadly set
about her sweetly chant it,
Untill she smiling raffe her head,
ne'er cease until she grant it:
Go pretty Birds and tell her I
as you have done, will to her say,
Ay me, &c.

FINIS.

The Lover's Lamentation for the death of faire
Phillis. To the same Tune.

How can I chuse but sigh and moan,
and evermore sit weeping?
My fairest Phillis she is gone,
Death hath her in his keeping:

Dray

The Golden Garland

O Death how durst thou be so bold,
to lay my Phillis in the mould?
Ay me, Ay me, &c.

Cease now your chipping melody,
for Spring time's past and gone,
And Winters chilling Storms deny
your Harmony be shown:

Keep your Pests, I'll keep my Den,
where Thousand frightfull Obiects been;
Ay me, &c.

Her shadow hanging in my sight,
adds to my grief and anguish,

The substance wanting in the night,
for which I lie and languish:

The pretty Toys she us'd to wear,
lie scattered now, some here, some there,

Ay me, Ay me, &c. 28 MR 59

So that the place where she surviv'd
which was a place of pleasure;

Is uncouth made by loss of this
Inestimable Treasure:

That beauty that made her excell,
made seeming Heaven of Hell:

Ay me, Ay me, &c.

Wet's that the force of Den detain'd
my fairest Phillis from me,

of Princely Delights.

O Iron bars, O bolts, O locks,
the might not look upon me:

Then might I hope to re-obtain
her presence, but all hope is vain.

Ay me, &c.

F I N I S.

The Maidens Complaint.

To the Tune of, I can nor will, &c.

Can any tell me what I ail,
I'm grown so weak, so pale:
I unto that plight, alas! am grown,
that I can nor will no longer lie alone.

Was ever Maidens Case like mine,
thus at Fifteen years to pine?
Were I the judge, I am sure there's none
that would any longer lye alone.

When it is day, I wish for night,
and when it is dark I wish for light:
All the night long I sighing do groane,
because that I too long have lain alone.

If dreams be true, then judge I can:
all that I want is but a Man,

Only

The Golden Garland

Only I for one do make this moan,
for I can no longer lie alone,

To wooe him first asham'd am I.
but if he ask I will not deny;
Such is my case I must have one,
for that I can no longer lie alone.

For all my wishings, I'll have none
but him I love, and love but one:
And if he love not me, then will I have none,
but ever till I die I'll lie alone.

28 MR 59 F I N I S.

The Inconstancy of the World.

What if a day, or a month, or a year, (rentings
crown thy desires with a thousand wishcon-
Cannot the chance of a night, or an hour,
cross thy delights with as many sad torment.
Fortunes in their fairest birth, (ings?
are but blossoms dying,
Wanton pleasures, doting mirth,
are but shadows flying;
All our joys are but toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving,
None hath power of an hour,
in our Lives bereaving.

What

of Princely Delights.

What if a smile, a beck, or a look, (ceasings,
Feed thy fond thoughts with as many sweet con-
May not the smile, or that beck, or that look,
tell thee as well they are all but vain deceasings?
Why should beauty be so proud,
In things of no surmounting?
All her wealth is but a show
of a rich recounting;
Then in this repose no bliss,
which is vain and idle
Beauty's flowers have their hours,
Time doth hold the Byde.

What if a grief, or a strain, or a fit, (ickness,
Pinch thee with pain, or the feeling pang, or
Dost not that gripe, or that strain, or that fit,
shew thee the form of thy own true perfect like-
Health is but a glimpse of joy, (ness
Subject all to chances?
Mirth is but a silly toy,
which mishap estranges:
Tell me thou silly man,
why art thou so weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardy?

FINIS.

Love's Constancy.

Since first I saw thy face I resolv'd
to honour and renown thee;

63

FF

The Golden Garland

If then I be disdain'd I wish
my heart had never known thee.

What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
shall we begin to wrangle?

No, no, no, no, my heart is fix'd,
and cannot now untangle.

If I admir'd, or prais'd you too much,
that fault you may forgive me;

Or if my hand had stray'd for a touch,
then surely you might leave me.

Ask'd you leave, you had my love,
it now a time to chide me,

No, no, no, no, I'll love you still,
what Fortune e'er betide me.

28 MR 59.

Where Beauty moves, and all delights,
and signs of kindness bind me,

There, O there, where e'er I go,
I'll leave my heart behind me.

F I N I S.

Coydon's Dolefull Knell.

To the Tune of Ding dong.

M^y Phillida adieu Love,
and evermore farewell.

I must

of Princely Delights.

I must go seek a new Love,
yet will I ring her Knell.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead,
I'll stick a branch of Willow
At my fair Phillis head.

Our Bridal Bed was made,
for my fair Phillida,
Instead of Alken shade,
she now lies wrapp'd in Clay
Ding dong, &c.

her Corps shall be attended
with Nymphs in rich array;
Till Obsequies be ended,
and my Love wrapp'd in Clay,
Ding dong, &c.

her Horse it shall be carried,
with them that do excell,
And when that she was buried,
I will thus ring her Knell;
Ding dong, &c.

I'll deck her Tomb with flowers,
the rarest that eber was seen,
Ding dong, &c.

The Golden Garland

And with my Tears as flowers
I'll keep them fresh and green;
Ding dong, et.

Instead of fairest colours,
set forth by curious art,
Her picture shall be painted,
in my distressed heart.
Ding dong, et.

And eber shall be written,
and after shall be said,
True Love is not forgotten,
though Phillida be dead:
Ding dong, et.

In sable will I mourne,
black shall be all my weed
Ay me! I here some talk
how Phillida is dead;
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead, et.

A Garland shall be framed
by Art and Nature's skill,
With sundry colour'd flowers,
in token of good will.
Ding dong, et.

With

of Princely Delights.

With sundry colour'd Ribands,
as much I will bestow;
They should be black and yellow,
with her to Grave shall go,
Ding dong, &c.

She was my lovely true Love,
no heart can witness well;
Wherefore in sign I lov'd her,
once more I ring her Knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead,
I'll stick a branch of Willow
At my fair Phyllis head.

FINIS.

Corpydon's Resolution.

There is a Lady Sweet and kind,
Whose never face so pleas'd my mind
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I'll love her till I dye,

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I'll love her till I dye.

The Golden Garland

Had I her fast betwixt mine Arms,
I could not think as sports were harms
Wer't any harm? No fe, fe, fe,
For I will love her till I dye.

Cupid is winged and doth range
His Country, so my Love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she skie,
Yet will I love her till I dye.

28 MR 59 F I N I S.

The Shepherd's Dialogue of Love between
Willie and Cuddy.

To the Tune of, Maying time.

Wil. **H**ow now Shepherd what means that,
Why wearest thou that willow in thy hat?
Why are the Scarfs of red and yellow
Turn'd to branches of green willow.
Cud. They are chang'd, and so am I,
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die,
She hath now forsaken me,
Which now makes me wear the Willow Tree.

Wil. What that Phillis lov'd thee long,
Is that the Lais hath done thee wrong?
She that lov'd thee long and best,
Is her Love turn'd to a jest?

Cud.

of Princely Delights.

Cud. She that lov'd me long and best,
Bid me set my heart at rest,
For she a new Love loves (not me)
Which makes me wear the Willow Tree.

Wil. Come then Shepherds let us join,
Since thy hap is like to mine,
For the Wight I thought most true,
Now hath chang'd me for a new.
Cud. Well then since thy hap is so,
Take no care but let her go,
Thy hard hap doth mine appeale,
Company doth sorrow cease.

Wil. I will then forget her love,
Since wantonly she falle doth prove;
And for her sake bid all adieu,
For women seldome do prove true,
Yet for her sake I'll sit and pine,
For she was once a Love of mine,
Which shall never forgotten be,
Though I wear the willow Tree.

Cud. Herdsman be advis'd by me,
Cast of Grief and Willow tree:
For thy grief brings her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

Wil. Then I will be rul'd by thee,
There lies Grief and Willow tree.

Henceforth

The Golden Garland
Henceforth I will do as they
That love a new Love every day.

F I N I S.

28 MR 59

JAMES and SUSAN.

James. **P**rithee Susan what dost muse on,
By this doleful Spring?
You are I fear, in love, my Dear,
Alas poore thing!

Sus. Truly James, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan,
I fear 'twill prove you are in love,
Alas poore man!

Jam. Nay my Sue, now I bieve ye,
Well I know your smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan,
Alas poore Heart!

Sus. Lemmy hold, I dare be hold
To say, thy heart is stole,
And know the She as well as thee
Alas poore Soul!

James.

of Princely Delights,

Jam. Then my Sue tell me who?

I'll give thee a Chain of Pearl,
And ease thy heart of all this smart,
Alas poor Girl!

Suf. Jamy no, if you should know,
I fear 'twould make you sad,
And pine away both night and day,
Alas poor Lad!

Jam. Why then my Sue, it is for you
That I burn in these flames,
And when I dye I know you'll cry,
Alas poor James!

Suf. Say you so, then Jamy know
If you should prove untrue;
Then must I likewise cry,
Alas poor Sue!

Quoth he, then joyn thy hand with mine,
And we will wed to day;
I do agree, here 'tis quoth he,
Come let's away.

And when we shall wedded be,
then we'll have a Ball

The Golden Garland
And dance about, in and out,
Up tails all.

When that is done, and all are gone,
I'll shew the other seats
And have a dance called in France,
The making of the Sheets.

FINIS.

28 MR 59

Death's final Conquest.

The Glories of our Birth and State
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no Armour gainst our Fate:
Death lays his icy hands on Kings;
Scepter and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid
With the poor crooked Sicke and Spade.

Some men with Swords may reap the field,
and plant such Laurels where they kill,
But their strong Herbes at length must yield
They tame but one another still.

Early or late
They stoop to Fate,

And

of Princely Delights.

And must give up their murmur'ing breath,
Whilst the poor Captive creep to death.

The Laurel withers on your brow,
Then no more your mighty deeds,
For on Death's purple Altar now,
See were the Victor, Victim bleeds :
All heads must come
To the cold Tomb,
Only the Actions of the Just
Smell Sweet and blossom in the dust.

FINIS.

28 MR 59

Books Printed for, and sold by J. Deacon at
the Angel in St. Dunstons Street, without
Newgate, where Country Chapmen may
be furnished with all sorts of Histories, &c.
small Books and Ballads.

THE Dutch Fortune-Teller in Folio.

2. The Third part of the Champions Quarto.
3. The Famous and Renowned History of Sir Be-
vis of Southampton, in Quarto, largest.
4. The History of Dinottus and Arrella. Quarto.
5. Hocus Potius Junior; or, The Art of Teger-
de-maine: in Quarto.
6. Arcanum, or, The famous Astrologer.
7. Markham's faithfull Farrier. Octavo.
8. The Triumphant Weaver: or, The Art of
Weaving, in verse. Quarto.
9. Wisdom's Cabinet; or, The Seven Wise Ma-
sters of Rome. Quarto.
10. The Loyal Garland, with Bell-mens Verses.
11. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight,
wherein is contained the History of many of the
Kings, Queens, Princes, Lords, Ladies, Knights,
and Gentlewomen of this Kingdom, &c.
12. Sports and Pastimes; or, Sport for the City
and Pastime for the Country: Being acted by
swiftness of hand. Fitted for the Delight and
Recreation of Youth.
13. A Cabinet of choice Jewels; or, The Christian
Joy & Gladness, in sundry new Christmas Carols.

at
ut
ay
tr.

to
ot.

r-

of

a

de

s.

y

by

nd

n

st